but it is possible to forget, good—*better—best.* A. L. P.

THE PHANTOM CHAPEL.

On the forest-fringed crest of Buckley Mountain, south-east of Marlinton, near the line where the sun seems to pause in winter, and turns back after a few days, may be seen an interesting sky-silhouette. Its resemblance to a building is so apparent as to be recognized at once, and hence the term Phantom Chapel, and it would be a pretty name to give that locality.

Whenever there is any change in the trees it will vanish from sight as mysteriously as it first emerged into view. For hundreds of years it has been in building by unseen hands. No sound of saw or hammer were at their work on its outlines.

It can be discerned at all times of the day, but stands out with special distinctness just before sunrise. The front door and side-windows denote the presence of evergreens. The walls and roof are outlined by leafless trees and their branches, and its color varies with the hues of the sky forming the background. S. C. R.

The Battle for Decency in Literature.—"Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century Magazine, thinks this battle is just now at its height. In an article in The Independent on "Editing" he speaks of the editors duty to take part in the battle, and he pays his respects to the "realists" in the following terms:

"'Reality' is a word to conjure with; any one who raises a 'blue pencil' against reality is in peril of losing his literary standing. The editor is prone to level things down; to object to the novel and original; he may be a Philistine; he may even be touched with hypocrisy. But if there is any greater humbug and hypocrisy than 'realism' can be I do not know what it is. Take, for instance, the single detail of profanity in the 'conversations' of a story. Did any one who has ever heard the thing in all its luxurious and picturesque reality ever see it 'really' reported? Is there a living realist who would be willing to put down in cold black and white to the extent of a foolscap page the habitual language of certain types with which he deals in fiction? and if he did so, would he be willing to keep that piece of paper over-night even under lock and key? The unthinkable blasphemy, the rank and violent vulgarity, they are as real as many other things outside of art. Say what you will, there is no realist who does not draw the line somewhere; and that line is at least as debatable as the one between Venesuela and British Guiana."

A lady who lives in an inland town in New England went to the

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

By W. T. P.

RALPH WANLESS, a pioneer blacksmith, and progenitor of the Pocahontas branches of the Wanless relationship, was a native of England. It is believed that Ralph and his brother Stephen Wanless lived awhile in the lower Valley of Virginia on the Fairfax lands. About 1790 Ralph Wanless settled in The Hills, near Mount Tabor. Stephen located in Bath County, Va. Some of his descendants now live near Clover Dale.

Ralph's wife was Lucretia Nicholas, sister of William Nicholas who was living on Douthard's Creek, and an aunt of the late Thomas Nicholas, of the Indian Draft, near Edray, who was a son of William Nicholas. They were the parents of seven sons and five daughters. The following particulars are given respecting their family.

Anna Wanless became Mrs Reuben Matheny, and lived near Valley Centre in Highland County.

Mary (Dolly) became Mrs Alexander Campbell, and lived near Meadow Dale in Highland. Her daughter Laura was a very attractive and accomplished young lady whose early death was widely lamented.

Margaret Wanless was married to James Sharp, and lived on Thorny Creek.

Elizabeth Wanless became Mrs Thomas Hadden, and after living some years on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Deer Creek, went to Ohio.

Lydia Wanless was married to J. McGuire and settled in Ohio.

The sons of Ralph Wanless the pioneer were William, James, Levin, Ralph, Stephen, John, and Thomas.

William Wanless married Nancy Wilson, from Fort Defiance, Augusta County. Her widowed mother, Nancy Wilson, died on Knapp's Creek eaxly in the century. Particulars in reference to William's family were given in a former sketch.

James Wanless was a local minister and a prominent citizen. In a former paper he was specially mentioned.

Ralph Wanless, junior, first married Anna Poage, daughter of G. W. Poage, of The Levels. After living in Huntersville several years as the village blacksmith he located on the homestead at Mt. Tabor. Their children were George Poage, Hopkins, Milum, Samuel, and Margaret. George P. Wanless was a Methodist minister of prominence. Hopkins Wanless married Amelia Dilley, relict of the late George Dilley, and lives on the homestead. Milum Wanless, recently deceased, first married Catherine McCarty and lived at the homestead. Second marriage with Laura Gum, of Highland.

Ralph Wanless, junior, had for his second wife Sally Arbogast, daughter of Benjamin Arbogast, senior, near Glade Hill.

Levin Wanless married Nancy Dilley, daughter of Henry Dilley, the pioneer; lived some years near Dilley's Mill, then went to Ohio. Concerning his numerous progeny no particulars in hand.

Stephen Wanless married Mary Pauline Sharp, and lived on Back Creek near the Irvtne Brick House. While trying to shoe a refractory horse belonging to Squire John Hamilton, about fifty-six years ago, he was killed. His sons were John F., William, and James. Rev James Wanless became their foster father.

John Wanless married Elizabeth Bridger, and settled in Lewis County, West Virginia. Mrs Wanless was noted for her skill in nursing the sick and her services were in demand far and near. She was a relative of the Bridger brothers killed at the Auldridge pass in 1784 by the Indians. Frequent mention has been made of this mournful and tragic occurrence in

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The cheerful assistance of J. F. Wanless, Esq., and Mrs Rachel Logan hereby remembered.

Most all of the Wanless brothers were industrious and skillful workers in iron, acquired from their father, who seems to have been a genius in that line of industry, so useful to the people in pioneer and later times. When Ralph Wanless and his sons wrought at the anvil and caused the primitive forests to ring with their strong and resonant striking of hammers and sledges, their business was of essential importance. In their times most of the implements used in clearing lands, cultivating the ground, and building houses were made at home. In the pioneer shops, and for years subsequently, were forged axes, hoes, shovel plows, bulltongues, coulters, brush-hooks, seng hoes, mattocks, broad axes, frows, grubbing hoes, pot hooks and hangers, kettle-bales, logchains, double trees, single trees, door hinges and latches, and other articles rather tedious to mention, and still more tedious to make.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun
Each evening sees it close,—
Something attempted, something done.
Has earned a night's repose.

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Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on the sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.
—The Village Blacksmith.

Kissed Him With a Hoe.

Sam Hanks and Lewis Gray were engaged to do some plastering at the residence of Mr Richardson, over in Reid's addition. Grao rrived at the scene of work first last Friday afternoon. When Hanks came and began to mix up his mortar to begin work the trouble commenced. This is the way Hanks tolk Justice Chesney about it yesterday:

"I was standin' dar hoein' de mortah, an' was a gittin' ready ter go ter wuk, jus like I oughter. Den fust thing I knows I sees dat great big 200-poun' feller stand da by de house, a shakin' his fis' at me.

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FOOTBALL.

Frost, 4; Oak Grove, 1.

A lively game of football was played at Frost Saturday. Frost won the toss and chose the east goal. Oak Grove forced the playing for about five minutes, when Frost settled down and carried the ball back. The most terrific rushing of the whole game was now engaged in, and Upton Sharp was the man who made the lucky shot for Frost. This was the only goal scored on either side in the half.

Shortly after recommencing play the visitor's goal keeper fumbled a hardly pressed ball and C. Sharp drove it through. A. Sharp was the next man to score for Frost.

The Oak Grove men stood the contest very well, notwithstanding some of them were completely knocked out and had to call on substitutes. Now C. C. Sharp after a magnificent run through the backs scored goal no. 4. Desultory play was then indulged in, and this time the home goal fumbled an easy one, the final score standing 4—1.

OAK GROVE - Jim Sutton (goal) Ezra Wooddell. Blake King (fullback), Sandy Sutton, Harrison Sheets, Jesse Hudson (half backs), Ed Hudson. C., John Galford, Chris Dilley, Ward Hudson, Craig Ashford (forward.)

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G. S. W.

Blake King went from Marlinton to play his position with Oak Grove.

The Frost team can very well lay claim to the championship of Pocahontas for 1897.

It is very necessary to the life of the game that the goal keeper sometimes fumble the ball, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Otherwise few points would ever be scored.

The Pen or the Sword.

The Marlinton school, taught by Misses Lillie Friel and Rella Clark closed its sessions last Friday. At night pleasing elocutionary display was made of reading, recitation, and debate, aided by the members of the famous "literary society." N. C. McNeil and N. R. Price made speeches on the affirmative, and S. B. Scott, Jr., and J. H. G. Wilson supported the negative. By a rising vote the nays had it, refuting the proposition, "Beneath the rule of men entirely great. the pen is mightier than the sword."

They talk about Triple Alliance,
And the might of the pen and the sword;
But if Spain sets the States at defiance,
We'll chuck the whole thing overboard.

An Invitation.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John Webb, Revolutionary Veteran. An Irish, Branchless Tree.

JOHN WEBB, the subject of this biographic article, is a character about whom it may be said as was said about Melchizedek, he was without father or mother, so far as any biographical purpose can be served. His Milesian brogue and his habit of saying not foolish things, and never doing any thing very wisely, tended to corroborate what he always averred that he was of Irish nativity. He had the papers showing that he was an honorably discharged soldier of the Revolution, and as a pensioner received ninety-six dollars a year. How he ever came to Pocahontas is simply conjectural; but from the fact he he chose his place of rest near Mt. Zion, he must have had some acquaintance with parties that may have been in the army when he was.

This Revolutionary veteran, tho he exposed his life for independence, never owned any land and never married. Yet he wanted a home of his own, a place where he could lay his head and feel at home,—which was very commendable in him. He received permission of William Moore, son of Pennsylvania John Moore, to use without rent as much land as he might want for a cabin, garden, and "truck patch." He built himself a cozy cabin, opened up two or three acres where he produced corn, vegetables, and poultry. On this he subsisted, with the assistance of his pension and such wages as he could earn in harvesting and haying for the farmers on Knapp's Creek. This spot was on the place recently owned by Ralph Dilley, and now in the possession of William Moore, son of the late James C. Moore.

One of John Webb's favorite places to work in harvest and haymaking was at Isaac Moore's. At this period late in the teens of this century making hay was a long, tedious industry. One morning quite early as the hands gathered in the meadow, when Webb, to use his own expression, came up missing. It was surmised that he had worn off his "wire edge" on the hot sun day before and was about to give it up for the time being, and so the hands went to work. Between nine and ten o'clock they heard his jovial brogue in the direction of the apple cellar, and upon looking in that course Webb's head was seen, "red as a beet," peering over the comb of the cellar roof. He inquired in the most impassioned manner whether any one would like to have a "dhrink ave cither." It seems Webb knew where to look for the lost "wire edge," and had indulged his thirst until he was so much exhilerated as to climb the roof with nimble feet and willing hands and from his lofty perch invite others to share with his jovial comforts that he had been finding for the past hours in "dhrinkths ave cither."

This Revolutionary veteran had one of his arms very curiously tattooed between the wrist and elbow with the initials of his name and emblematic characters like anchors and arrows, whose significance was not known. This was done while he was in the army, and several other soldiers were tattooed at the same time. The chemicals used disabled them so much that a regimental order was issued prohibiting the practice. Tattooing seems to have been a fad among soldiers and sailors. If any thing should happen their personality might be identified and assistance obtained from some guild or fraternity. At least, this was the supposition. He never disclosed to any one what the characters symbolized; the initials of course could speak for themselves. It is commonly believed now that he served with the troops from Augusta County under General Mathews.

In the later years of his life John Webb was very piously inclined and was demonstrative of his religious emotions, and was long remembered as the life of many "good meetings" at old Mt. Zion, Frost, and elsewhere. He would frequently have "the jerks," which was such a feature in the revival services so common in the

spasmodic jerk as he repeated the Amen, even when asking a blessing on his meals.

This phenomenon that characterized the religious services of most of the denominations a hundred years ago in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, has been attentively considered by mental experts as one of the curiosities of the emotional faculty of the human race. What surprises them in their investigations is to find some of the most pronounced examples of its influence among the Mohamedan Dervishes in the East and in the West it seems to have been the most striking feature in the Indian Ghost solemnities but a few years since. The Dervishes furiously deny the existence of the Holy Ghost, as a fiction of Christianity; and American Indians have never so much as heard that there is a Holy Ghost Max Nordau, an eminent Jewish scientist, thinks he has found the explanation to be a disease of the nervous system. that is so highly infectious as to sweep the whole round of humanity at recurring periods.

John Webb remained in his bachelor home until he became disabled by the infirmities of advanced age. Then it was the late Martin Dilley, of revered memory, took charge of the old veteran. He built a very comfortable cabin for his use in the yard near his own commodious dwelling and cared for him until the old soldier "fought his last battle" on the borders of the unseen world. This building is standing yet. His "silent tent" is in the Dilley graveyard on the line between the Andrew Dilley and John Dilley lands Here in this quiet spot unheeded o'er his sleeping dust the storms of life may beat in pitiless rage.

He will not always remain so however; for just as certain as Christ lives he is going to descend with a shout, the voice of the arch angel and the trump of God, an the dead in Christ will rise first. Then we who may be alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore let us comfort one another with these words when we think of Martin Dilley and John Webb now resting in their lowly graves so near each other. W. T. P.

LOST!

Have You Seen Him? $100,000.00 Reward, Dead or Alive.

A Lean Fat Boy With an Ingrowing Nail on His Romanesque Proboscis.

GREEN BANK, W. VA., March 31.—Missing from this place about the 6th of next month, 1893, a tall-complexioned young man about 5 feet 16 inches of age and in height about 37 yeors. He had on when last seen a pair of swallow tail seal skin trousers with wienerwurst stripes; double barrel frock coat lined with bean soup calico, and water tight canvass boots with patent-applied-for leather tops. He also wore a Mechanic's Delight Plug Hat and a crosseyed standup collar, and was accompanied by a dude dog with a split tongue and creases in its pants. The young man is badly pockmarked at the back of his head and has a slight impediment in his looks. He wore a Grecian Bend on his upper lip, which he often uses as recepticle for schooners and jerked tripe.

He carried an empty carpet box in one hand and a wooden bag in the other, the latter containing several screw steamers, three railroad tunnels, and four bungholes, and a safety razor marked "Dangerous." At first it was supposed he had walked off on his ear while laboring under a hypnotic or jimnastic spell because being born before his younger brother; and he furthermore claims that his mother was present when he himself was born.

His mind is easily influenced. When asked to take something at the bar he rarely refuses, and always drinks his liquor through a straw in order to take it straight—as he was the sole support of several pet theories advanced by his deceased grandfather.

When last heard from he was shoveling wind off of Eleber ridge at 5c a minute to supply vacancies in the atmosphere occasioned by Swecker's auctions. If said boy fails to comply with the above contract he will be tried before Billy B. Wooddell and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law by Attorney J. L. Hudson, and afterwards rode on a rail to Point Look Out. Address all communications to detective C. L. Burner, Point Lookout, West Virginia.

LEATHER MEDAL HUSTLER.

The beard, mustache, and eyebrows may be made a desirable

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In the later years of his life John Webb was very piously inclined and was demonstrative of his religious emotions, and was long remembered as the life of many "good meetings" at old Mt. Zion, Frost, and elsewhere. He would frequently have "the jerks," which was such a feature in the revival services so common in the

spasmodic jerk as he repeated the Amen, even when asking a blessing on his meals.

This phenomenon that characterized the religious services of most of the denominations a hundred years ago in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, has been attentively considered by mental experts as one of the curiosities of the emotional faculty of the human race. What surprises them in their investigations is to find some of the most pronounced examples of its influence among the Mohamedan Dervishes in the East and in the West it seems to have been the most striking feature in the Indian Ghost solemnities but a few years since. The Dervishes furiously deny the existence of the Holy Ghost, as a fiction of Christianity; and American Indians have never so much as heard that there is a Holy Ghost Max Nordau, an eminent Jewish scientist, thinks he has found the explanation to be a disease of the nervous system. that is so highly infectious as to sweep the whole round of humanity at recurring periods.

John Webb remained in his bachelor home until he became disabled by the infirmities of advanced age. Then it was the late Martin Dilley, of revered memory, took charge of the old veteran. He built a very comfortable cabin for his use in the yard near his own commodious dwelling and cared for him until the old soldier "fought his last battle" on the borders of the unseen world. This building is standing yet. His "silent tent" is in the Dilley graveyard on the line between the Andrew Dilley and John Dilley lands Here in this quiet spot unheeded o'er his sleeping dust the storms of life may beat in pitiless rage.

He will not always remain so however; for just as certain as Christ lives he is going to descend with a shout, the voice of the arch angel and the trump of God, an the dead in Christ will rise first. Then we who may be alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore let us comfort one another with these words when we think of Martin Dilley and John Webb now resting in their lowly graves so near each other. W. T. P.

LOST!

Have You Seen Him? $100,000.00 Reward, Dead or Alive.

A Lean Fat Boy With an Ingrowing Nail on His Romanesque Proboscis.

GREEN BANK, W. VA., March 31. —Missing from this place about the 6th of next month, 1893, a tall-complexioned young man about 5 feet 16 inches of age and in height about 37 yeors. He had on when last seen a pair of swallow tail seal skin trousers with wienerwurst stripes; double barrel frock coat lined with bean soup calico, and water tight canvass boots with patent-applied-for leather tops. He also wore a Mechanic's Delight Plug Hat and a crosseyed standup collar, and was accompanied by a dude dog with a split tongue and creases in its pants. The young man is badly pockmarked at the back of his head and has a slight impediment in his looks. He wore a Grecian Bend on his upper lip, which he often uses as recepticle for schooners and jerked tripe.

He carried an empty carpet box in one hand and a wooden bag in the other, the latter containing several screw steamers, three railroad tunnels, and four bungholes, and a safety razor marked "Dangerous." At first it was supposed he had walked off on his ear while laboring under a hypnotic or jimnastic spell because being born before his younger brother; and he furthermore claims that his mother was present when he himself was born.

His mind is easily influenced. When asked to take something at the bar he rarely refuses, and always drinks his liquor through a straw in order to take it straight—as he was the sole support of several pet theories advanced by his deceased grandfather.

When last heard from he was shoveling wind off of Eleber ridge at 5c a minute to supply vacancies in the atmosphere occasioned by Swecker's auctions. If said boy fails to comply with the above contract he will be tried before Billy B. Wooddell and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law by Attorney J. L. Hudson, and afterwards rode on a rail to Point Look Out. Address all communications to detective C. L. Burner, Point Lookout, West Virginia.

LEATHER MEDAL HUSTLER.

The beard, mustache, and eyebrows may be made a desirable

...tas Times.

...per Liberi!" — Andrew Price, Editor

...GINIA, APRIL 8, 1898. — $1.00 PER YEAR

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MAIL CARRIER DROWNED.

Unacquainted With the Dangerous Suck of the Ford Below Mt. Grove, He ventured in and His Feeble Mail-Horse Was Swept Over the Falls Below the Ford.

A tragic story of the drowning of a mail-boy comes from Mt. Grove. Frank Coyner, a youth of twenty, came from Parkersburg to carry the mail on the route between Mt Grove and Warm Springs, a distance of thirteen miles. He made daily trips leaving Mt Grove in the morning and returning there in the evening. He crossed two swift, dangerous streams in going and returning, Back Creek and Jackson's River. Back Creek could well be dignified by the name of river as it is nearly as large as Jacksons River.

There had been a heavy rain Monday night, and on Tuesday, March 29th, he left his boarding place with every prospect of high waters to cross. He placed a letter he had written home behind the clock, remarking that if he did not get back the people could write to his father that he had found a watery grave. This was not an unnatural remark under the circumstances.

He made the trip and had got back to the ford on Back Creek, two miles below Mt Grove, where he was drowned. There were no witnesses of the accident.

Tuesday evening John Landes, who lives near the ford, went there for the express purpose of warning the mail boy that the creek was dangerous, knowing that he was a stranger in the country. He got there a few minutes too late. When he arrived at the ford he saw below it some distance a horse on an island near the shore with its foot hung in the bridle. He waded in and brought it out. He recognized the horse and took it to Mt Grove, where it was surmised in all probability the mail carrier was drowned. A party went there immediately but no trace of the body could be discovered. Mike O'Farrel who was riding a powerful horse attempted to cross but was obliged to return.

The ford is at the lower end of an eddy, and immediately below the water dashes down a steep declivity forming frightful rapids. When the stream is high the water appears smooth above, but in reality it has a terrible suck. The mail-boy rode a weak horse which was tired from its long journey.

The fate of the boy was known when the party reached John Darnell's house situated about a mile below the ford. His daughter was watching the rising waters and saw the mail-bag float by. She ran to the house with the news and returned in time to see the body of the unfortunate boy. First a hand was thrust high above the surface of the water, and then the knee appeared.

A large party searched the creek for the body and found it Friday. First the overcoat, then a boot, and then a vest were found. The mail-bag was lodged in a drift-heap two miles below the ford. The mail was damaged but the letters were readable. A postal card received by the writer which had been submerged shows little sign of damage. It was nothing like our Lewisburg mail in ordinary wet weather. The first two days the searchers did not go down the stream far enough, but on Friday at a point nearly three miles below the ford they found the body on the rocks on the edge of the stream.

In all probability the boy's foot hung in the stirrup and this would account for the body floating at a considerable distance behind the mail-bag. Also for the fact that the overcoat, coat, vest and boot were stripped off. The stream runs with almost incredible swiftness from the ford to the place the body was found. It is in the gap where Back Creek breaks through the mountain to flow into Jacksons River.

Railroad Matters.

MAIL CARRIER DROWNED.

Unacquainted With the Dangerous Suck of the Ford Below Mt. Grove, He ventured in and His Feeble Mail-Horse Was Swept Over the Falls Below the Ford.

A tragic story of the drowning of a mail-boy comes from Mt, Grove. Frank Coyner, a youth of twenty, came from Parkersburg to carry the mail on the route between Mt Grove and Warm Springs, a distance of thirteen miles. He made daily trips leaving Mt Grove in the morning and returning there in the evening. He crossed two swift, dangerous streams in going and returning, Back Creek and Jackson's River. Back Creek could well be dignified by the name of river as it is nearly as large as Jacksons River.

There had been a heavy rain Monday night, and on Tuesday, March 29th, he left his boarding place with every prospect of high waters to cross. He placed a letter he had written home behind the clock, remarking that if he did not get back the people could write to his father that he had found a watery grave. This was not an unnatural remark under the circumstances.

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Railroad Matters.

COURT INCIDENTS.

No one has been able to remember a term of the court when as many as four convicts were sent to the penetentiary from this county before. Three confessed and Wilfong was tried.

* *

There were thirty-three indictments returned by the grand-jury. Four of these were for felony. The others were for minor offenses, directly or indirectly connected with liquor.

* *

The famous divorce case of Cochran vs Cochran was called up on the question of suit money to be provided the defendant, Mrs Cochran. An order was entered requiring the plaintiff to pay to the defendant the sum of $75, on the penalty of having his suit dismissed.

* *

Charles Beverage, the witness of last court, who refused to divulge the name of the man of whom he bought moonshine whiskey, and who was let out on his own recognizance to come back and testify, again refused in his quixotic manner to give evidence, and the Judge sent him to jail for an indefinite length of time, and adjourned court without releasing him or fixing his sentence.

* *

The school money case heard under the caption of B. M. Yeager vs J. H. Buzzard et als has resolved itself into a right bitter fight between the securities of J. C. Arbogast for the term of '91 and '92, and his last term. The question seemed to hinge on the question of the solvency of J. C. Arbogast July 1, 1893, when the fiscal year of his last term began. The case was recommitted to the commissioners to settle several important items of account.

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Rev John H. Ratliff, accused of stealing a horse, came into court with his head held high in the air, and thanked the Judge most sincerely for the two years that were given him. Elmer Jackson and Ervine Houdyschell both went up for two and one years. Wilfong elected to be tried and was defended by McNeil and Scott. His defense was that he had bought the horse, and, by a strange co-incidence, Ervine Houdyschell a fellow prisoner, had happened along the road at that time and saw the whole occurrence. Rev John H. Ratliff was called, and he testified that he had heard them concocting the story in the jail. The jury seemed to have no difficulty in finding him guilty, and a motion to set aside the verdict was denied, and he was sentenced a term of three years.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Second Part—McLaughlin Family Biographies.

THE second group of the McLaughlin relationship trace their ancestry to two brothers and two sisters of that name who settled in Pocahontas early in the century. How near the relationship is, the writer has not the requisite information. William and John McLaughlin and their sisters Jennie and Nancy are the persons remembered as the ancestry of the second group.

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Robert McLaughlin was married twice and lives on a section of the old homestead. His first marriage was with Minta Rusmisell. Her children were Nebraska, Melissa, Lovie, Christopher, Catherine, Bertha, Lawrence, Cameron, and Russell. The second marriage was with Lydia Rusmisell. Her children are Elmer, Joseph, and Annie. These ladies were cousins and were from near Moscow, Augusta County, Virginia.

Nancy, McLaughlin, one of the ancestral sisters, became the wife of Jacob Cassell, senior, and lived on the Greenbrier at the Cassell Fording, four miles west of Green Bank. Full particulars of Mrs Cassell's family were given in the Cassell sketches.

Jennie McLaughlin, the other ancestral sister, was married to John Galford and lived near Glade Hill on property now owned by Frank Patterson, Esq. John, Allan, Thomas, and James Galford were her four sons. Her daughter Nancy Galford became Mrs John Kilpatrick and lived in Highland. Naomi Galford died in early youth. Margaret Galford went to Barbour County, W. Virginia, and married there.

John McLaughlin, one of the ancestral brothers, married Clarissa Gregory and settled on the Greenbiier at the place recently owned by the late Allan Galford, Esq., mouth of Deer Creek. Their children were John, James, Elizabeth, and Nancy. Elizabeth was married to Harvey Ratcliffe and went to Lewis County. Nancy became Mrs Henry Higgins, and lived near Clover Lick. John married Sidney Carpenter and settled on the homestead. James married Miss Nottingham and migrated to the West.

Thus far we have been able to trace something of the history of a relationship that has furnished our county with some faithful school-teachers, patriotic citizens, and good soldiers in the Confederate cause. Hugh McLaughlin was wounded during the war, and suffers yet from the effects. Jacob McLaughlin died in the war. Our readers have seen one or more of his letters.

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Trustee's Sale.

PURSUANT to a deed of trust made on the 12th day of July, 1897, by John T McGraw to the undersigned trustee, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 27, page 432, to secure the payment of two certain notes each for \$2·33 33 negotiable and payable at the People's National Bank, of Charlottesville, Virginia with 6 per cent interest from July 12, 1897, until paid to Samuel B. Woods, and costs of executing the said deed, and default having been made in the payment of the first of said notes, and being required by the said beneficiary, Samuel Woods, the undersigned trustee will on the

7TH DAY OF MAY, 1898,

between the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and four o'clock P. M., at the front door of the court house of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in the town of Marlinton, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder the land conveyed in said deed of trust, comprising a tract of 1000 acres of land situated im said Pocahontas County, lying on the east side of the West Fork of Greenbrier River, and bounded as follows:

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We Make WHEELS, Too!

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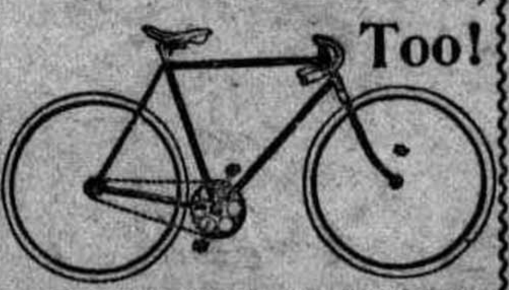

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PERSONAL MENTION.

Messrs Rucker and Scott attended Court at Lewisburg.

Miss Anette Ligon was in town Monday.

John A. Warwick returned Monday from a trip to Bath County.

Bernard Slavin, of Highland, was in town several days lately.

Squire Yeager went down to Academy last Sunday.

Mrs Paul Golden has returned from a visit in Baltimore.

R. E. Overholt will move to Frankford shortly.

Rev W. H. Hart, of Ritchie County, was in Pocahontas last week, seeing after his farm.

Howard Bird has sold his well boring machine to Sydenstricker & Clark, of Academy.

Miss Mabel Ligon has returned from the Lewisburg Female Institute to be with her mother, who still continues most seriously ill.

J. Emory Duffield, son of the late J. R. Duffield near Edray, is now an enterprising merchant at Gypsum, Kansas.

Rev Asa NcNeil and family were delayed several days at Enoch McNeil's, on Williams River, by deep snow and high waters.

Lawrence M'Collam, from Greenbrier, son of James McCollam, Esq., has been spending a few days at the old home. He reports the decease of Taylor Walton, whose son Hasel is remembered in Marlinton.

Luther A. Kieffer, son of Prof. Aldine Keiffer of The Musical Million, Dayton, Virginia, died a few days since. He was a youth of much promise and our sincere sympathies are hereby extended to his father, whose name is familiar to most of our readers as a poet and music composer.

P. D. Yeager and C. S Erswell while in Denver ordered a large and complete line of Victor tennis goods. Mr Yeager was employed by the C. S. Erswell Cycle Co. to select the goods which in his judgment will become the popular fancy of the expert players. Tennis promises to become the attractive amusement of the season.—Cheyenne (Wyoming) Tribune.

Ernsst N. Moore, Esq., and Samuel Sheets, of Dunmore, passed through Marlinton Tuesday on their return from Moundsville as guards in charge of the prisoners. They returned by way of Harpers Ferry, Basic City, and Ronceverte, and spent last Sunday at Piedmont the guests of Forest Moore, Esq. Preacher Ratliff behaved himself very nicely, and will no doubt be quite an acquisition to prison society.

John B. Kinnison, a venerable and much respected citizen, has lived in the vicinity of Hillsboro all his life, now verging 80 years. He is a grandson of Charles Kinnison, one of the earliest settlers of The Levels, and a Revolutionary veteran. Mr J. B. Kinnison was a skillful blacksmith, and by industry and economy has acquired a very easy competency and is surrounded by the comforts of a charming home. His politics are for gold and protection. He has been a devout a faithful reader of the Bible for sixty or more years. The Old Testament he has perused fourteen times and the New Testament thirty - four times. Every day in his humble way he prays God not to cast him off in the time of old age, nor forsake him when his strength fails.

MILL POINT

—Selected.

Lieut. John Jordan Beard.

It becomes our mournful duty to record the death of a widely-known and much esteemed citizen, John Jordan Beard, Huntersville, West Virginia. This event occurred rather unexpectedly, Monday, 11½ a. m., April 11th, 1898.

Lieut. Beard was the only son of the late Joseph Beard, Esq., and Mrs Mattie Beard, near Hillsboro. He was born in Greenbrier County, April 21st, 1835, and was married to Minerva, daughter of James Edmiston, Esq., September 1866. At the time of his death he was within ten days of being 63 years of age. By this event his attached family is bereaved of a kind tender husband and a very affectionate and indulgent father. The community at large honors his memory as that of a good man whose influence has been for intelligence and good morals.

In the war between the States he served in the Bath Squadron, and made a record as a gallant and distinguished soldier. Late in the war he received a frightful wound that came near ending his life at the time. He survived to the surprise of every person familiar with its nature. For more than thirty years this wound has been a great personal affliction, and it is believed hastened the termination of his useful life. He has been a resident of Huntersville about 21 years. During this time he served the county two terms as clerk of both courts.

Early in life he professed piety, and maintained a consistent character as such in the pale of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was loyal and faithful to his communion and greatly attached to her doctrines and usages.

He is survived by his wife and two sons, Harry and Fred. Beard.

Being as Lieut. Beard was, a person of ardent social and domestic impulses, as a matter of course it was painful for him to think of the sundering of sweet home ties, yet in his sincere way he assured his loved ones that they should not grieve too much about him, for all was and would be well with him.

A month or so since we had a pleasant interchange of views concerning the 23d Psalm. In this Psalm it appears that nothing but the shadow would touch those following the Lord our Shepherd when it comes to passing through the Valley. Having been a brave soldier and familiar with battle scenes in the presence of the enemy, that at such a time sitting down at a prepared feast would be one of the last things a leader in battle would be likely to think of doing, Lieut. Beard was prepared to appreciate words in the same Psalm where it is said: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over."

It would have been a very unfeeling heart not to have been thrilled at noticing how the countenance of this veteran Christian soldier hopefully beamed as he caught the idea, then how secure those must be who follow Christ, the good Shepherd or Leader, who gave his life for his flock, and can spread a table for them in the presence of the world, the flesh, and Satan, and permit goodness and mercy to follow his people all the days of their lives. And besides all this have hopes of dwelling in his house forever.

In compliance with his wishes, the funeral obsequies were of the simplest character. Every thing like ostentation was carefully avoided. Some of us felt that this really was one of the few occasions where a marked demonstration would have been in good form. It seems, however, he desired it otherwise. Instead of oratorical eulogy and firing of musketry by platoons over his grave, there was sung "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there." Then loving hands laid wreath and cross of flowers, and all others gave as their tribute their praises and their tears. And the dear old soldier now bivouacs in his his silent tent, where the storm that wrecks the wintry sky is no more to be heeded than summer evening's latest sigh that that lulls the flowers to rest.

W. T. P.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Messrs Rucker and Scott attended Court at Lewisburg.

Miss Anette Ligon was in town Monday.

John A. Warwick returned Monday from a trip to Bath County.

Bernard Slavin, of Highland, was in town several days lately.

Squire Yeager went down to Academy last Sunday.

Mrs Paul Golden has returned from a visit in Baltimore.

R. E. Overholt will move to Frankford shortly.

Rev W. H. Hart, of Ritchie County, was in Pocahontas last week, seeing after his farm.

Howard Bird has sold his well boring machine to Sydenstricker & Clark, of Academy.

Miss Mabel Ligon has returned from the Lewisburg Female Institute to be with her mother, who still continues most seriously ill.

J. Emory Duffield, son of the late J. R. Duffield near Edray, is now an enterprising merchant at Gypsum, Kansas.

Rev Asa NcNeil and family were delayed several days at Enoch McNeil's, on Williams River, by deep snow and high waters.

Lawrence M'Collam, from Greenbrier, son of James McCollam, Esq., has been spending a few days at the old home. He reports the decease of Taylor Walton, whose son Hasel is remembered in Marlinton.

Luther A. Kieffer, son of Prof. Aldine Keiffer of The Musical Million, Dayton, Virginia, died a few days since. He was a youth of much promise and our sincere sympathies are hereby extended to his father, whose name is familiar to most of our readers as a poet and music composer.

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W. T. P.

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(To be Continued.)

ORIN W. SLAVIN, LIFE SKETCH

Orin Watts Slavin was born in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, January 29th, 1875. He departed this life April 11th, 1898, aged 23 years, 2 months, 9 days.

He was the oldest son of Winfield and Nannie Slavin. He was a young man of promise, gifted mind, genial manners, well informed on the topics of the day. When only a boy he was employed in the Times printing office, and afterwards he and Mr S. B. Scott published the Pocahontas Herald. He was full of hope and gave promise of doing something in the world.

Last spring brother Orins health began to decline, and he went to Kansas expecting the change to restore his health, and there he intended to go into business. Instead of improving he grew worse, and, seeing that his end was near, he came back to the old home, February 4th. Disease had dealt heavily with him. The strong, manly form was light, the hectic flush was upon the pale cheek.

Mother and friends could not nurse him back to life; but we could sit by him, pray with him, and talk with him of tnat life that knows no end. On the 19th of March he was converted to God, and on April 1st was received into the M. E. Church, South. From this time on he had a clear Christian experience. He had a foretaste of God's peace, in his joy he said "Heaven is so near." His mind was clear to the end. On Monday, April 11th at 3 p. m., he peacefully passed away.

Orin Slaven was a warm hearted friend. His devotion to his mother was beautiful. His young life has been strangely cut short. God knows best. He was the first member of the Marvin Epworth League to pass away. Who next?

On Wednesday at 10 a. m. his funeral service was conducted at Marvin Chapel by his pastor, assisted by Rev Perry and Dr Sydenstricker. He was laid to rest in the Ruckman graveyard. The trailing arbutus was in full bloom close by his grave. It had been awakened from the sleep of winter to beauty and fragrance. Our brother's body shall also awake and be glorified.

JOHN H. DILLS.

ANY dishonest contractor, whose wealth accumulates while his work decays, ought to read, with a blush of shame, of a new bridge across the Danube. Pillars of a bridge built at the same place by the Emperor Trajan are to form a part of the structure. The engineers attest the strength of the Roman work under an emperor whose reign began exactly eighteen hundred years ago. To do as the Romans did may sometimes mean a descent to the lowest vices, but it may also signify a noble integrity in building as in being.

"NINETY-EIGHT per cent. of genius is hard work," says Thomas A. Edison, and he adds, "As for genius being inspired, inspiration is in most cases another word for perspiration." As the foremost example in the world of one type of genius, Mr Edison is an authority on the subject, and his aphorism corroborates Johnson's often-quoted definition of genius, "the infinite capacity for taking pains."

GENIAL BOB BURDETTE echoes the lament of a vast number of people when he says, "Every day I am sorry for something I did yesterday, and live in a chronic state of remorse and hair-shirt. I only hope the day after I die I shall not be sorry I did it."

THE hair of the head to be an ornament to the wearer should receive painstaking care, and if its color is faded Hall's Hair Renewer should be applied.

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Death of Mrs Ligon.

At 2 o'clock Monday morning, Mrs Sally Gatewood Ligon, wife of Dr John Ligon of Clover Lick, peacefully passed away surrounded by her loved ones.

Her illness had been one of several months' duration, and for a long time she and her family knew that death must soon intervene. It was her lot to linger long as she approached the grave, but it was with an unfaltering trust. Theirs to see her slowly sink under a hopeless and incurable malady and vainly try to recall to health and strength and to alleviate the sufferings of the one who bound that family so closely together.

We cannot refrain at this melancholy time from endeavoring to pay a tribute to the memory of the deceased, tho in doing so we realize how hopeless it is to express what we feel. Hers was a refined, sensitive, Christian spirit, and the effects of her influence will never die out. Her life lay in pleasant places, and she made such a home and reared such a family that even the casual visitor looked back on a visit to that household as one of the bright places in his life. The refining influences of her life were not confined to her own family, by any means. She had an instinctive dread of all that was low, evil, or unbecoming, and her intellectuality enabled her to make this predominant feature of her nature very impressive. These elevating influences have been felt by many far and near, She was a loving wife, a devoted mother, a generous friend, an interesting companion, a famous housekeeper, as well as homemaker; and she is justly entitled to all these attributes.

At the time of her death she was in her fifty-sixth year. She was the daughter and only child by the first marriage of the late John W. Warwick. Almost her entire life was spent at Clover Lick, the most beautiful farm in Pocahontas County. She leaves surviving her her husband, seven daughters, and one son. Her eldest daughter Mrs C. P. Dorr, preceded her to the grave, in 1892.

Mrs Ligon was a member of the Episcopal church, and was buried from the beautiful church erected on the home place by herself and husband. Long will she live in the memory of those who knew and loved her as one of the kindest, brightest, and best women who have ever lived;

"It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each an l all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.

"They throng the silence of the breast,
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The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet
Who walk with us no more."

Turk vs. Skiles.

The case of Turk vs Skiles from this county was decided last week by the Supreme Court, and the decision of the lower court affirmed. This ends the battle which has been going on in the courts for years. The property in controversary is the hotel at the bridge built by Captain Jack Apperson about 1882. It was sold to Mrs Janie B. Skiles, and the purchase money bonds turned over to creditors of Apperson. A deed of trust was given by the Skiles to Mrs Skiles' father.

The suit was brought to sell the house for the benefit of the creditors of Apperson, and. while it was pending, the trustee, in the deed of trust for the benefit of Mrs Skiles' father, sold the land after a four week's advertisement, and the property was bought by Charles R. Durbin, of Grafton. The decision of the Court of Appeals confirms Mr Durbin's title to the property.

The Greenbrier Railroad.

B. M. Yeager has returned from a trip to Greenbrier where he has been taking options as to the right

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John R. Flemmens.—His Wife and Children.

ONE of the most unique and picturesque characters that figure in our local history was John R. Flemmens, of Laurel Creek. Early in the century residents of the head of Stony Creek saw smoke rising from Red Lick Mountain. At first it was thought to be a hunter's camp. Upon noticing the smoke continuing for some days, curiosity was awakened and parties went up into the Red Lick wilderness to see what it meant. To their surprise they found a family in camp arranging for a permanent settlement.

There were five persons, John R. Flemmens and Elizabeth Flemmens, his wife; James and Frederick were the sons and one daughter, Elizabeth. There were nice horses and several cows ranging about. The family had been there for several weeks, yet no one ever found out when or whence they had come. Had these persons arrived in a balloon from the clouds at midnight their coming could not have been better concealed than it seemed to have been from the neighbors.

The Flemmens opened up what is now the "Rosser Place." But few persons were ever known to labor more industriously than the mother and her three children. Mr Flemmens bought lands from Isaac Gregory amounting to four thousand acres. It was a part of the William Lewis Lovely Survey, the papers dated 1777, and this region was then in the metes and bounds of Harrison County. Such a deal in lands sounds fabulous now, or did until the recent operations of Colonel McGraw and others have rather eclipsed the Flemmens' deals on that line. John R. Flemmeas at times seemed pressingly anxious to sell large tracts at ten cents an acre. Lands now held by Colonel McGraw, the Whites, Shearers, and others.

On his possessions John Flemmens made an opening, built a house, and preparations were made for an immense barn. The barn was never finished. Some of the hewn timber for the barn was more than two feet across the face and smooth as ice. How such work could be so smoothly done was the wonder of all why may have examined it.

The Flemmens family became noted for sugar making. They would work several hundred trees in the season. On the southern exposures an early camp would be worked, then move to another less exposed, and then move into the north and close the season there. The mother and children would carry the sap for miles in pails supported by straps from their shoulders, and much of the sap was carried up hill. In making arrangements for evaporating the sap an immense tree would be felled and the kettles suspended against it, and then the fires kindled. It was no uncommon thing to see fifteen or twenty large kettles boiling at the same time.

The output would amount to hundreds of pounds. The sugar was generally stirred until it pulverized, and much of it was nearly as fair as brown or coffee sugar.

A good deal of the sugar was taken to Lewisburg and exchanged for more kettles. Mr Flemmens could pack three large iron kettles on one horse. In these excursions to the sugar market, and very frequently at other times, John Flemmens had three horses, driving the foremost, riding the middle one, and leading the third, all arranged tandem fashion. In this manner he could traverse the bridle paths, at an early day the common means of communication between places.

The entire family became members of the church.

James Flemmens was fond of hunting, but he met with so little success that his father warned him that if he came home any more without venison he should not be allowed to waste any more time as he had been doing.

"Worrich pays better than no luck, Jim, in huntin', and so you will know what will be up if you don't git nothin' this time."

This was spoken in stentorian tones with a commanding voice, and it seems to have rung in Jimmy's ears to a practical purpose.

That day he had the luck to bring home a venison.

The same day the late venerable John Barlow killed a deer, but he did not bring it home; left it hanging in the woods, hunter fashion, and it mysteriously disappeared. Suspicious gossip ran high, which the Flemmens meekly endured until they began to think that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and a church trial was demanded to vindicate Jimmy's character from the slanderous insinuations in connexion with the disappearance of the deer.

The preliminaries for trial being duly arranged by the Presiding Elder at Hamlin Chapel, the slandered hunter put in his pleas, with flowing tears and tremulous voice, when the Elder asked the question

"Brother James Flemmens, did you or did you not take Brother Barlow's deer?"

"I hope not. God knows I hope God does not know I took the deer as I am slandered with."

Mr Barlow could not hold in and and exclaims: "God does n't know any such thing."

The strife of tongues now promised to become sharp, but the imperious Presiding Elder made it short and decisive by a wave of the hand and a significant look toward the door. Somehow, as the Flemmens thought unjustly, the majestic Elder construed James' plea as a virtual confession that he had spirited away the missing game. He solemnly deposed him from church membership and thus cleared all others of slanderous intentions.

Soon as the decision was announced, John Flemmens arose and asked for a dismissal. "Give me my name and give me old Betsy's too!" Young Betsy tearfully asked for her name also. They all soon found a church home elsewhere.

In the course of events Frederick was the first to die, and that too far away from his mountain home under sadly peculiar circumstances. John B. Flemmens called at John Barlow's to pass the night. Mr Barlow had heard of Frederick's death, but did not wish any one to say any thing about it before morning. But one of the boys came in before his father could repress him and said: "Mr Flemmens, do you know that Fred is dead?"

"Is it possible, Mr Barlow, have you heard that my boy is dead?'

"Yes," replied Mr Barlow, "I am sorry to say it is even so."

In an instant the bereaved father seemed to be frensied by his his grief. He caught up his three horses and started for home in the night. As he slowly ascended the mountain path his agonized cries could be heard for miles.

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WHITMER MEDICINE CO.
LOGAN, OHIO.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John R. Flemmens.—His Wife and Children.

ONE of the most unique and picturesque characters that figure in our local history was John R. Flemmens, of Laurel Creek. Early in the century residents of the head of Stony Creek saw smoke rising from Red Lick Mountain. At first it was thought to be a hunter's camp. Upon noticing the smoke continuing for some days, curiosity was awakened and parties went up into the Red Lick wilderness to see what it meant. To their surprise they found a family in camp arranging for a permanent settlement.

There were five persons, John R. Flemmens and Elizabeth Flemmens, his wife; James and Frederick were the sons and one daughter, Elizabeth. There were nice horses and several cows ranging about. The family had been there for several weeks, yet no one ever found out when or whence they had come. Had these persons arrived in a balloon from the clouds at midnight their coming could not have been better concealed than it seemed to have been from the neighbors.

The Flemmens opened up what is now the "Rosser Place." But few persons were ever known to labor more industriously than the mother and her three children. Mr Flemmens bought lands from Isaac Gregory amounting to four thousand acres. It was a part of the William Lewis Lovely Survey, the papers dated 1777, and this region was then in the metes and bounds of Harrison County. Such a deal in lands sounds fabulous now, or did until the recent operations of Colonel McGraw and others have rather eclipsed the Flemmens' deals on that line. John R. Flemmeas at times seemed pressingly anxious to sell large tracts at ten cents an acre. Lands now held by Colonel McGraw, the Whites, Shearers, and others.

On his possessions John Flemmens made an opening, built a house, and preparations were made for an immense barn. The barn was never finished. Some of the hewn timber for the barn was more than two feet across the face and smooth as ice. How such work could be so smoothly done was the wonder of all why may have examined it.

The Flemmens family became noted for sugar making. They would work several hundred trees in the season. On the southern exposures an early camp would be worked, then move to another less exposed, and then move into the north and close the season there. The mother and children would carry the sap for miles in pails supported by straps from their shoulders, and much of the sap was carried up hill. In making arrangements for evaporating the sap an immense tree would be felled and the kettles suspended against it, and then the fires kindled. It was no uncommon thing to see fifteen or twenty large kettles boiling at the same time.

The output would amount to hundreds of pounds. The sugar was generally stirred until it pulverized, and much of it was nearly as fair as brown or coffee sugar.

A good deal of the sugar was taken to Lewisburg and exchanged for more kettles. Mr Flemmens could pack three large iron kettles on one horse. In these excursions to the sugar market, and very frequently at other times, John Flemmens had three horses, driving the foremost, riding the middle one, and leading the third, all arranged tandem fashion. In this manner he could traverse the bridle paths, at an early day the common means of communication between places.

The entire family became members of the church.

James Flemmens was fond of hunting, but he met with so little success that his father warned him that if he came home any more without venison he should not be allowed to waste any more time as he had been doing.

"Worrich pays better than no luck, Jim, in huntin', and so you will know what will be up if you don't git nothin' this time."

This was spoken in stentorian tones with a commanding voice, and it seems to have rung in Jimmy's ears to a practical purpose.

That day he had the luck to bring home a venison.

The same day the late venerable John Barlow killed a deer, but he did not bring it home; left it hanging in the woods, hunter fashion, and it mysteriously disappeared. Suspicious gossip ran high, which the Flemmens meekly endured until they began to think that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and a church trial was demanded to vindicate Jimmy's character from the slanderous insinuations in connexion with the disappearance of the deer.

The preliminaries for trial being duly arranged by the Presiding Elder at Hamlin Chapel, the slandered hunter put in his pleas, with flowing tears and tremulous voice, when the Elder asked the question

"Brother James Flemmens, did you or did you not take Brother Barlow's deer?"

"I hope not. God knows I hope God does not know I took the deer as I am slandered with."

Mr Barlow could not hold in and and exclaims: "God does n't know any such thing."

The strife of tongues now promised to become sharp. but the imperious Presiding Elder made it short and decisive by a wave of the hand and a significant look toward the door. Somehow, as the Flemmens thought unjustly, the majestic Elder construed James' plea as a virtual confession that he had spirited away the missing game. He solemnly deposed him from church membership and thus cleared all others of slanderous intentions.

Soon as the decision was announced, John Flemmens arose and asked for a dismissal. "Give me my name and give me old Betsy's too!" Young Betsy tearfully asked for her name also. They all soon found a church home elsewhere.

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Times.

Andrew Price, Editor

98. $1.00 PER YEAR

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Robert Moore—An Early Settler.

ROBERT MOORE was a son of Moses Moore, the distinguished pioneer. He was born May 27th, 1772, and was reared on Knapp's Creek. His wife was Rebecca McCollam, of Brown's Mountain near Driscol. After living on the Greenbrier a number of years at the Bridger Place, he moved to Edray on the Drennan opening. They were the parents of five sons, Isaac, Robert, Andrew, James, William, and one daughter Jane.

Jane became Mrs Andrew Duffield, and lived at the head of Stony Creek, now owned by the Delaney family recently moved into our county.

Isaac Moore married Catherine Gillilan, and settled at Edray where S. B. Moore lives. In their family there were three sons and five daughters.

Mary Ann became Mrs Amos Barlow, first wife; Rebecca became Mrs David Hannah; Elizabeth is Mrs Bryson Hannap, near Frost; Eveline became Mrs Paul Sharp; Julia Francis is now Mrs William Sharp.

Allen Taylor Moore married Mary Catherine Gay, daughter of the late Robert Gay and Mrs Bettie Gay. Robert Gay was Recorder of Pocahontas County in reconstruction times immediately after the civil war between the States. Mr A. T. Moore lives near Edray. His children are John Kenney, Evansville, Indiana; Robert, in Butte City, Montana; Georgia Miami, now Mrs Isaac Sharp; Alwilda Nebraska, now Mrs John Young; and Lula Elizabeth, now Mrs Davis Barlow.

William Rives Moore married Ruth Gay, and lived near Edray. He was a person greatly respected. His sympathies were with the Union adherents, and he died at Wheeling during the war, after many vicissitudes.

Samuel Bryson Moore married Ann Sharp, and lives on the Edray homestead and is a farmer and merchant. Mrs Effie Barlow and Mrs Flora Gay are his daughters.

Full particulars of Isaac Moore Esq., as teacher, magistrate, sheriff, and prominence as a citizen have been given in a special sketch

Andrew Moore fell from a tree near the sugar camp at the Bridger place in early youth and was instantly killed.

William Moore, upon attaining his majority, went to Ohio, where he arose to eminence as a physician, and became widely known as a preaching elder in the Church of the Disciples.

James R. Moore, upon his marriage with Mrs Jane Funkhouser, of Rockbridge County, lived some years on a part of the homestead now owned by G. H. McLaughlin, of Marlinton. He thence moved to Braxton County. His children were Porterfield, Ephraim, and Mary Ellen. The latest information the friends have of his sons they were arranging for a trapping and hunting excursion to the Rocky Mountains. They had previously hunted a great neal in the Williams River wilds, and were quite successful. The mantle of their eminent ancestor, Moses Moore, seems to have fallen on them.

Robert Moore, Jr., married Eliza Bruffey, a grand-daughter of Richard Hill, the pioneer. After living on the Edray homestead many years he moved to Iowa. His sons were Franklin Davis, Moses Clark, and George Preston.

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George P. Moore is a local Elder in the pale of the M. E. Church, a successful merchant and grazier, proficient in the use of mechanical tools, Coroner of the County and has been Commissioner of the Court, local banker, etc.

The property owned by Robert Moore, the early settler, was first opened by Thomas Drinnan, and is one of the earliest settlements in this region. The Drinnan tract must have included thousands of acres. The quality of the land is the best of its kind, much of it spontaneously sodding in bluegrass when timber is "belted." Parties who know are rather reticient as to the precise spot occupied by Thomas Drinnan's cabin home, since surveying parties have been so anxious to locate it, for fear there is something under it all that bodes trouble. The breaking up of Thomas Drinnan's home by the Indians about 1782 was one of the most distressing events that happened during Indian troubles.

When Robert Moore took possession but a few acres were cleared. He and his sons made extensive improvements of a very substantial character. He erected a commodious, two story, brick mansion, the first and only builing of its kind in the vicinity. The site was very near William Sharp's residence, and much of the brick was used in the new building. A field just beyond William Sharp's in the direction of Elk is thought to have been one of the first to be cultivated.

It is more than likely that the first time Robert Moore ever set his foot on lands some day to be his own, was when he came from the east with his father, Moses Moore, and others, in pursuit of French surveyors and their Indian guides. An Indian was killed and a Frenchman wounded near where the two prongs of the Indian Draft converge. It has not been so many years since human remains were unearthad near that place. It is the impression of some, too, that it was the dispersion of this exploring party that originated the legends of hidden treasures in two or three localities of our county, some near Mill Point others near Marlinton.

Robert Moore was the worthy son of a worthy father. Every body had confidence in "Uncle Bobby," and when he went hence to be no more, genuine tears embaimed the memory of the kind, honest, and brave old settler.

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Surgical Operation.

Mrs N. S. Duffield, near this place, is lying at the point of death from an acbsess in her side. About sixteen years ago she was in a cherry tree, and, the limb breaking with her, she jumped to the ground a distance of sixteen feet. Since then she has been troubled with a pain in her side. The trouble grew worse recently. Dr Cunningham, by the use of an aspirator, has removed a large amount of matter from her side. This amount of wasting grew so large that it was weakening her daily.

The physician discovered a loose piece of bone which was the evident cause of the trouble. The patient was weakening so fast that it was necessary to do something speedily. An operation was decided upon, and it was performed by Dr Cunningham with the assistance of Mrs C. A. Yeager, who administered chloroform. When the incision was made it was discovered that the condition of that region was much more serious than had been supposed. The spinal column and ribs were diseased in several places. One rib was eaten entirely off. Over a hundred pieces of bone were taken out and one whole rib. An opening was discovered into the pleural cavity and a quantity of pus was extracted from this opening. It would be against reason to hope for her recovery.

The patient is a woman aged 38, and is the mother of a large family She is greatly respected in the vicinity and great sympathy is expressed for her and her family in this trouble.

Instinct.

A keen obsesver of natural phenomena, says that old range cattle

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin, Late of Marlinton.

THE third group of the McLaughlin relationship in our county are the descendants of Squire Hugh McLaughlin, late of Marlinton, West Va. His early life was spent in part on Jackson's River, Bath County.

His wife was Nancy Gwinn, daughter of John Gwinn, Sr., and grand-daughter of John Bradshaw, the founder of Huntersville.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin and Hugh McLaughlin, Esq., late of Huntersville, were cousins and were intimately associated when young men. They were married about the same time, jointly leased a piece of land on Jackson's River, built a cabin aad went to housekeeping. There was but one room. This they divided between them and kept seperate establishments. Squire McLaughlin would often tell how an axe, maul, and Wedge made up his original business capital, and how his housekeeping effects were carried by his young wife on a horse the day they went to themselves in their cabin home on leased land.

Upon the expiration of the lease early in the twenties, Squire McLaughlin settled in the woods on Thomas Creek and opened up lands now owned by his son, Geo. H. McLaughlin.

Mr and Mrs McLaughlin were the parents of three sons and two daughters. William Jacob, John Calvin, George Henry, Elizabeth, and Margaret.

Margaret, a promising young girl, died very suddenly.

Elizabeth became Mrs George Rohan, lived awhile on Roaring Creek, Randolph County, and finally located near the Hot Springs, where her family now lives. Mr Rohan was one of the builders of the Marlinton Bridge, 1854-5; a faithful Confederate soldier in the war from start to finish. His young wife refugeed from Roaring Creek soon after the battle of Rich Mountain, with her two little children, one tied behind her and the other in her arms, and made the journey from Roaring Creek to the Warm Springs alone on horseback.

William Jacob McLaughlin first married Sarah Gum, from Meadow Dale, Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. One daughter, Nancy Jane, who died in early youth. His second marriage was with Susan Bible, daughter of Jacob Bible, near Green Bank. In this family were two sons and two daughters.

Elizabeth became Mrs John M. Lightner, lately of Abilene, Texas.

Alice was a teacher of public schools, married Dennis W. Dever, of Knapp's Creek, and they live near Frost.

Mitchell D. McLaughlin married Emma Kerr Greaver, of Bath, and lives near Savannah Mills, in Greenbrier County. They have five children.

Jacob Andrew McLaughlin married Sally Gibson, and lives at Brimfield, Indiana.

John C. McLaughlin married Isabella, daughter of Adam Lightner, of Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. When a youth going to school at Hillsboro he was thrown from a horse and received injuries that disabled him for manual labor. He acquired a good education, taught school, wrote in the Clerk's office, and was an expert business man greatly respected by his fellow citizens.

G. H. McLaughlin married Ruhamah Wiley, of Highland; first settled near Dunmore, but now lives at Marlinton. He was a Confederate soldier and is a widely-known citizen.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin was married the second time to Mrs Elizebeth Gum, (nee Lightner), near Meadow Dale, Va. There were two sons by this marriage.

Harper McLaughlin first married Caroline Cackley, and lived at Marlinton. Second marriage was with Etta Yeager, of Travellers Repose.

A. M. McLaughlin married Mary M. G. Price, daughter of James A. and Margaret D. Price, of Marlin's Bottom, and settl d on the Marlinton homestead, lately sold to the Marlinton Development Co.

After residing a number of years near Dunmore, Squire McLaughlin located west of Huntersville, where he prospered in business. Thence he removed to Marlinton, where he died in 1870, aged 69 years. Squire McLaughlin was a prominent and influential citizen a member of the county court, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church. He acquired an immense landed estate—one of the most valuable in the county. His influence was largely in favor of economical industry, good morals, and intelligent piety. His business sagacity was phenomenal, and he could see money where most others could not see any thing worth looking for.

About fifty years ago the county court refused license to saloon-keepers. The whole county was convulsed with the agitation that arose. At first Squire McLaughlin strenuously objected to this action of the court as doing violence to personal liberty, and depriving the county of revenue, and making it that much harder for the tax-payers. Whenever the matter was discussed this thrilling Scripture was often repeated:

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—Hab. ii 16.

His conscience was touched and he resolved to clear himself of the fearful liability implied by doing any thing to license the giving of drink to neighbors; and let the revenue take care of itself, which it could well do with a sober, prosperous citizenship to depend on.

He was also much impressed by what was reported to have passed between two saloonists. One was complaining to another how his business had fallen off. The other saloonist remarked that at one time he noticed his business was on the decline, the "old suckers" were all going to the "bone-yard" so fast, and he saw if "new suckers" were not to be had he would have to quit the business. He told every young man that he met that he had laid in some of the nicest liquors that were ever brought on, and if he would come around he would give him a treat and would find out for himself what was nice. The saloonist observed that after three or four free drinks the youngsters would begin to buy and his business was on the rise quite satisfactorily. Thus he had found out that a few dimes in treating meant dollars to him in selling or salooning.

Squire McLaughlin's services as a member of the court for eighteen years were of much use, and along with John Gay, Paul McNeel, and Isaac Moore, being themselves large tax-payers, public affairs were managed on a judicious scale, and money, as a general thing, was laid out where the prospect seemed for the greatest good for the greatest number.

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Avoid anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

Surgical Operation.

Mrs N. S. Duffield, near this place, is lying at the point of death from an acbsess in her side. About sixteen years ago she was in a cherry tree, and, the limb breaking with her, she jumped to the ground a distance of sixteen feet. Since then she has been troubled with a pain in her side. The trouble grew worse recently. Dr Cunningham, by the use of an aspirator, has removed a large amount of matter from her side. This amount of wasting grew so large that it was weakening her daily.

The physician discovered a loose piece of bone which was the evident cause of the trouble. The patient was weakening so fast that it was necessary to do something speedily. An operation was decided upon, and it was performed by Dr Cunningham with the assistance of Mrs C. A. Yeager, who administered chloroform. When the incision was made it was discovered that the condition of that region was much more serious than had been supposed. The spinal column and ribs were diseased in several places. One rib was eaten entirely off. Over a hundred pieces of bone were taken out and one whole rib. An opening was discovered into the pleural cavity and a quantity of pus was extracted from this opening. It would be against reason to hope for her recovery.

The patient is a woman aged 38, and is the mother of a large family She is greatly respected in the vicinity and great sympathy is expressed for her and her family in this trouble.

Instinct.

A keen obsesver of natural phenomena, says that old range cattle

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin, Late of Marlinton.

THE third group of the McLaughlin relationship in our county are the descendants of Squire Hugh McLaughlin, late of Marlinton, West Va. His early life was spent in part on Jackson's River, Bath County.

His wife was Nancy Gwinn, daughter of John Gwinn, Sr., and grand-daughter of John Bradshaw, the founder of Huntersville.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin and Hugh McLaughlin, Esq., late of Huntersville, were cousins and were intimately associated when young men. They were married about the same time, jointly leased a piece of land on Jackson's River, built a cabin aad went to housekeeping. There was but one room. This they divided between them and kept seperate establishments. Squire McLaughlin would often tell how an axe, maul, and Wedge made up his original business capital, and how his housekeeping effects were carried by his young wife on a horse the day they went to themselves in their cabin home on leased land.

Upon the expiration of the lease early in the twenties, Squire McLaughlin settled in the woods on Thomas Creek and opened up lands now owned by his son, Geo. H. McLaughlin.

Mr and Mrs McLaughlin were the parents of three sons and two daughters. William Jacob, John Calvin, George Henry, Elizabeth, and Margaret.

Margaret, a promising young girl, died very suddenly.

Elizabeth became Mrs George Rohan, lived awhile on Roaring Creek, Randolph County, and finally located near the Hot Springs, where her family now lives. Mr Rohan was one of the builders of the Marlinton Bridge, 1854-5; a faithful Confederate soldier in the war from start to finish. His young wife refugeed from Roaring Creek soon after the battle of Rich Mountain, with her two little children, one tied behind her and the other in her arms, and made the journey from Roaring Creek to the Warm Springs alone on horseback.

William Jacob McLaughlin first married Sarah Gum, from Meadow Dale, Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. One daughter, Nancy Jane, who died in early youth. His second marriage was with Susan Bible, daughter of Jacob Bible, near Green Bank. In this family were two sons and two daughters.

Elizabeth became Mrs John M. Lightner, lately of Abilene, Texas.

Alice was a teacher of public schools, married Dennis W. Dever, of Knapp's Creek, and they live near Frost.

Mitchell D. McLaughlin married Emma Kerr Greaver, of Bath, and lives near Savannah Mills, in Greenbrier County. They have five children.

Jacob Andrew McLaughlin married Sally Gibson, and lives at Brimfield, Indiana.

John C. McLaughlin married Isabella, daughter of Adam Lightner, of Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. When a youth going to school at Hillsboro he was thrown from a horse and received injuries that disabled him for manual labor. He acquired a good education, taught school, wrote in the Clerk's office, and was an expert business man greatly respected by his fellow citizens.

G. H. McLaughlin married Ruhamah Wiley, of Highland; first settled near Dunmore, but now lives at Marlinton. He was a Confederate soldier and is a widely-known citizen.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin was married the second time to Mrs Elizebeth Gum, (nee Lightner), near Meadow Dale, Va. There were two sons by this marriage.

Harper McLaughlin first married Caroline Cackley, and lived at Marlinton. Second marriage was with Etta Yeager, of Travellers Repose.

A. M. McLaughlin married Mary M. G. Price, daughter of James A. and Margaret D. Price, of Marlin's Bottom, and settled on the Mariinton homestead, lately sold to the Marlinton Development Co.

After residing a number of years near Dunmore, Squire McLaughlin located west of Huntersville, where he prospered in business. Thence he removed to Marlinton, where he died in 1870, aged 69 years. Squire McLaughlin was a prominent and influential citizen a member of the county court, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church. He acquired an immense landed estate—one of the most valuable in the county. His influence was largely in favor of economical industry, good morals, and intelligent piety. His business sagacity was phenomenal, and he could see money where most others could not see any thing worth looking for.

About fifty years ago the county court refused license to saloonkeepers. The whole county was convulsed with the agitation that arose. At first Squire McLaughlin strenuously objected to this action of the court as doing violence to personal liberty, and depriving the county of revenue, and making it that much harder for the tax-payers. Whenever the matter was discussed this thrilling Scripture was often repeated:

> "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—Hab. ii 16.

His conscience was touched and he resolved to clear himself of the fearful liability implied by doing any thing to license the giving of drink to neighbors; and let the revenue take care of itself, which it could well do with a sober, prosperous citizenship to depend on.

He was also much impressed by what was reported to have passed between two saloonists. One was complaining to another how his business had fallen off. The other saloonist remarked that at one time he noticed his business was on the decline, the "old suckers" were all going to the "bone-yard" so fast, and he saw if "new suckers" were not to be had he would have to quit the business. He told every young man that he met that he had laid in some of the nicest liquors that were ever brought on, and if he would come around he would give him a treat and would find out for himself what was nice. The saloonist observed that after three or four free drinks the youngsters would begin to buy and his business was on the rise quite satisfactorily. Thus he had found out that a few dimes in treating meant dollars to him in selling or salooning.

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WHO IS "UNCLE SAM?"

This query is suggested by the fact that no figure appears more frequently and conspicuously in the cartoons of the period than his or whose name is oftener repeated. Nothing seems to thrill the nerves or warm the blood like "Uncle Sam" and his favorite refrain, Humanity, Prtriotism and an Honorable Peace. Uncle Sam is the metophorical impersonation of all that is distinctively American. He is a part of all that he has ever met, as Tennyson would put it. Hence he is not Yankee, German, Irish, French, Hungarian, Slavic, Spanish, nor, which is best of all, English.

Uncle Sam is the genuine, cosmopolitan American, conglomerating and fusing into his make-up all nationalities and creeds, and hence he represents the stunning force of the physical and mental power of the civilized world at this period, the closing hours of the nineteenth century. He holds near his heart a flag that symbolizes the development of free thought and and unfettered conscience.

John Sherman, the old man eloquent of American politics, the Gladstone, so to speak, was about right when he said, "Spain threatens but does not mean to fight. England makes promises she does not mean to keep."

Uncle Sam connot afford to break his promises, for republics are founded on truth as the people understand it. While monarchies lean on pretenses and misleading phrases. Demagogues and crowned heads understand each other. They aim to deceive each other, and that, with them, is statesmanship or diplomacy. The parties referred to, have gone rather farther than they had intended, and now Uncle Sam is on his mettle and thinks he bears the people of all Europe, Asia, and Africa calling to him to give the signal to rise for liberty, truth, justice and equity among all nations. What he is going to do about it, the reader may make whatever conjectures he pleases, so he makes them bigger than anything that has yet happened in the world'f great history.

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WHO IS "UNCLE SAM?"

This query is suggested by the fact that no figure appears more frequently and conspicuously in the cartoons of the period than his or whose name is oftener repeated. Nothing seems to thrill the nerves or warm the blood like "Uncle Sam" and his favorite refrain, Humanity, Prtriotism and an Honorable Peace. Uncle Sam is the metophorical impersonation of all that is distinctively American. He is a part of all that he has ever met. as Tennyson would put it. Hence he is not Yankee, German, Irish, French, Hungarian, Slavic, Spanish, nor, which is best of all, English.

Uncle Sam is the genuine, cosmopolitan American, conglomerating and fusing into his make-up all nationalities and creeds, and hence he represents the stunning force of the physical and mental power of the civilized world at this period, the closing hours of the nineteenth century. He holds near his heart a flag that symbolizes the development of free thought and and unfettered conscience.

John Sherman, the old man eloquent of American politics, the Gladstone, so to speak, was about right when he said, "Spain threatens but does not mean to fight. England makes promises she does not mean to keep."

Uncle Sam connot afford to break his promises, for republics are founded on truth as the people understand it. While monarchies lean on pretenses and misleading phrases. Demagogues and crowned heads understand each other. They aim to deceive each other, and that, with them, is statesmanship or diplomacy. The parties referred to, have gone rather farther than they had intended, and now Uncle Sam is on his mettle and thinks he bears the people of all Europe, Asia, and Africa calling to him to give the signal to rise for liberty, truth, justice and equity among all nations. What he is going to do about it, the reader may make whatever conjectures he pleases, so he makes them bigger than anything that has yet happened in the world'f great history.

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School Commissioners Sale of Lands.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, made at the April term of said court, 1898 in the chancery cause of

State of West Virginia
versus
J. W. F. Allemong and others,

I will proceed on the 21st day of June, 1898, it being the first day of June term of court, 1898, at the front door of the court house of Pocahontas county to sell to the highest bidder at public auction the following described real estate, viz:

The mineral privilege in a certain tract of 710 acres situated on Browns Mountain in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Said mineral privilege to extend for a term of 99 years from May 22d, 1873, with option to renew for a like period, being the same privilege conveyed to J. D. Price by Samuel Harper on May 22d, 1873, and forfeited in the name of J. W. F. Allemong.

Terms of Sale: CASH.

B. M. YEAGER,
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Commissioner's Sale OF

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that this is the one and only unpardonable sin of the new dispensation.

The Stage.

The performance at the town hall Wednesday night by a new company composed of the young boys and girls of the place was entirely free and enjoyable. Preparation and drills for the occasion occupied the labor of several days. The music was fine. The black comedy acts by girls and small boys, a variation of negro minstrelsy, were uncommonly amusing; and the chorus "Hot Times" was simply ridiculous. The hoop drill, by twelve young ladies, excited admiration, and was repeated in all its sinnous details.

Misses Daisy Yeager and Emma King were the managers of this affair, and that their efforts were successful all present Wednesday night will attest.

The old Marlinton dramatic company seems to have made its final disappearance, but this latter organization has both the spirit and the ability to furnish amusement and relaxation to the toilers in the town and vicinity.

PERSONAL MENTION.

J. W. Baxter, of Academy, was